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THE MAKING OF MAN.

Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape,
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger or of ape?

Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning age of
ages

Shall not aeon after aeon pass and touch him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and
fade,

Prophet eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the
shade,

Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in
choric

Hallelujah to the Maker, "It is finish'd. Man is made?"

—Tennyson.

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THE OUTLOOK FOR NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

The outlook for the national prohibition of the liquor traffic is good. One of the most encouraging things with reference thereto is the fact that this is the judgment not only of temperance people but also of persons prominently identified with the traffic.

Recently the National Liquor Dealers' Journal said in a leading editorial:

"The prohibition fight henceforth will be nation wide, and contemplates writing into the National Constitution a prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. To accomplish this will require the ratification of thirty-six out of forty-eight States in the Union. Nine are already in line through State prohibition; there are eighteen States in which a major part of the people live in territory made dry by local option, and in which we may be assured prohibition sentiment predominates. If the people in these States who are opposed to the liquor traffic demand it, their Legislatures will undoubtedly ratify a national amendment. * * *

We are not discussing the benefits or justice of prohibition, but its possibility and its probability in present circumstances. To us there is the handwriting on the wall, and its interpretation spells doom."

The editorial utterance further was in part:

"We are on the verge of universal instead of male suffrage, and there is a spirit abroad which reck little of tradition, of precedent, or vested rights; and of liberty used licentiously and destructively it will make short shrift. Prepare the defense, friends, make our case ready for court, the trial cannot be postponed."

In this connection it was remarked as to the liquor business: "It seems incapable of learning any lessons of advancement or any motive but profit. To perpetuate itself it has formed alliances with the slums that repel all conscientious citizens. It deliberately aids the most corrupt political powers."

It will be noted that this liquor journal from which the foregoing is quoted made mention of universal suffrage as one of the fearsome things for the traffic. Well may the liquor traffic fear universal suffrage. The Chicago Record-Herald says concerning the election last week in Illinois, in which a large number of saloons were voted out in addition to the thousand or more early in the month: "In practically every instance where the drys gained new territory they would have been defeated if only the men had voted."

However, Illinois had made a good beginning against the saloon before the women were given the suffrage. The first time the men had a chance under a local option law they made 40,000 square miles of the state dry. And there are only 56,000 square miles of territory in Illinois.

And think of it as it is today! Forty-nine dry counties in the state, and leaders predicting a dry Chicago by 1918,—if not earlier! "The sun do move." No, its the earth—the world! At any rate, something moves. It is humanity climbing up toward God.

With good reason did Secretary Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League in the state of New York say in an interview published in the New York Times on the 19th of April: "The liquor men are literally in a panic."

Mr. Anderson said further: "There are two opinions among them. One side has practically given up the fight, and won't contribute, arguing that there is no wisdom in sending good money after bad; the other is contributing with desperate generosity. They are not pleasantly disposed toward one another.

"Signs exist of another line of cleavage. Indications are not lacking that the brewers are considering the plan of throwing over the distillers and fighting only for their own light beverages."

It is a safe prediction that congress will submit to the states the proposed constitutional amendment. Even those members who do not care whether it carries will vote to submit it. It passes the responsibility on to the people. They well know that only a vote for submittal will satisfy their constituents, and remove large danger of defeat for them in campaigns for reelection.

The amendment will go to the states ere long. Leading liquor men admit that twenty-seven are pretty sure to ratify it. Nine more are required. When a state has ratified, it cannot withdraw. Its action will stand and the battle will go on to win others; and under the law are applicable the words, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The United States of America will banish the saloon. It cannot do otherwise. There is a force working mightily for righteousness these days in the lives of our people which is bound to bring this about within the next decade.

Today more than half of our 92,000,000 people live in no license territory and 70 per cent of the area of the country is without the licensed saloon. And God is marching on.

The Rev. John K. Browne, the missionary who is temporarily in charge of the American Board work on the Pacific Coast, reports a delightful time in Southern California for the last two weeks. Mr. Browne went to Seattle Tuesday of this week, and will spend several weeks in Washington and Oregon. He has written to Secretary Barton that he had better get him started back to Turkey soon, that there is danger that the fascination of the Pacific Coast will make it difficult ere long for him to break away

from it. This is very complimentary, coming as it does from a man who has spent thirty years in the foreign field and who couldn't possibly be lured from it.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Rev. Josiah Sibley, the new pastor of Calvary Presbyterian church, is a graduate of Pomona College and of Yale Divinity School.

A few weeks ago a Junior Christian Endeavor Society was organized in the Armenian Congregational Church of Fresno. It started with 20 members. A membership campaign was inaugurated a few days after the society was organized, and when the organization was three weeks old it had 110 members.

The Rev. Dr. Aked wrote glowingly in the Examiner last Saturday of Avalon as the angler's paradise, closing his article with these words: "Sermon tasters should not miss the chance of hearing Dr. Campbell on the Sunday morning. A fine old gentleman, a scholar, the friend of all great writers and preachers of our time, a Scotchman who will pack into a single sermon enough to last the common or garden preacher a year—you can catch yellowtail on the Sunday afternoon; but in the morning catch Dr. Campbell."

The address at the State Sunday-school Convention in Woodland, by the Rev. Dr. Aked, on "The Red Light Abatement Law," was one of the most powerful platform appeals for decency and morality and righteousness ever heard in California. Although given in the afternoon, the audience was as large as the largest in the evenings. Everybody in Woodland wanted to hear the address and everyone who could get to the auditorium was in attendance at that time. The wealth of the speaker's experience and study and his fervid oratory, made possible an address which thrilled and inspired the vast assemblage. It is not surprising that the friends of every unworthy cause seek in manifold ways to undermine the influence of so powerful an advocate for truth and righteousness.

In an article on the revival wave in the colleges and universities, The Continent says: "Eddy at Stanford University had 70 men decide for Christ, while 90 more registered themselves as enquirers. At the University of California, Eddy was forbidden to employ any act of public worship, either prayer or hymn, and had been told that he could not appeal to the men for religious decisions. But he preached to 1600 men every night, pleaded with the 1200 that stayed to after-meeting and, in spite of the restrictions, saw 140 students accept the Master. Besides these, 400 others enlisted in Bible study and signed a prayer pledge. Many of those led to Christ were avowed agnostics before the meetings began. Elliott, meanwhile was working the University of Washington and Oregon Agricultural College. In nine days he held twenty-seven meetings and brought 150 men into avowed Christian discipleship. Surely this is the day of the Lord in American college life."

A proposal has been laid before the presbyteries of the Presbyterian church in this country that "where there are two or more Protestant churches in any community of 1200 persons or less, they shall be merged into one strong, self-supporting church."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Dr. Sidney L. Gulick's lectures throughout the East, on "The American Japanese Problem," have resulted in great good. President Faunce, of Brown University, says that the work Dr. Gulick is doing in this and other ways cannot be overestimated. Professor Harlan Beach, of Yale University, has denominated Dr. Gulick as America's foremost representative in Japan, and says of his utterances throughout the country that they are extremely valuable, looking toward a solution of the Oriental problem.

It is surprising, says Dr. Crafts of the International Reform Bureau, how every Christian group, to which one brochures the subject of Bible reading in the public schools anywhere in the land, unanimously exclaims that the Jews and Catholics would never allow it. That is the verdict in New York City especially, where few of the citizens seem to realize that Hebrew, Catholic and Protestant teachers have for a long time read the common version daily, by order of the New York City board of education, without enough objection to make the unique situation generally known. Of course, the instinctive courtesy of a Christian teacher in a school where there are Jews prompts the use of selections from that part of the Bible which is equally cherished by Jews, Catholics and Protestants, and the International Reform Bureau has therefore published a suggestive half-year list of Old Testament passages suitable for childhood and youth, with topical grouping for each week to give a continuous moral impression. Dr. Crafts adds: "The fact that Protestants, Catholics and Jews are harmoniously reading the Bible in the public schools of New York City sweeps all the usual fears aside like a snowplow, and clears the track for action. In probably three-fourths of the schools of the United States the original American custom of daily Bible reading has never been discontinued. As to the others, the way to resume is to resume. In nearly all cases the teacher is permitted by law to read the Bible. Let teachers take courage from New York City, and do it. Let the boards of education exercise their local option. Let public sentiment assert itself to this end."

Our Presbyterian brethren are having some scintillating discussions over certain policies. One layman concludes as follows an article in reply to some criticisms by Dr. Matthews of Seattle: "We laymen have great admiration for Dr. Matthews. We admire a man who can put things across. His masterful handling of his Presbyterian roll, supplemental election and whirlwind canvass in behalf of his moderatorial candidacy pleased us. The directness of his attack upon the frailties and shortcomings of his brother ministers, during his Moderator year, did not meet our approval but gave us reason to expect him to deal directly with such issues as are now involving the Home Board. Instead of that we read columns of Fourth of July oration appealing for the defense of great principles of independence and presbyterial supremacy. His sentences roll with sonorous power. When I read them aloud in my home the house cat ran at once to the basket of kittens. The very atmosphere was charged with impending disaster. What, pray tell us, has all that to do with the Assembly policies now being carried out by the Home Board? If the Home Board is abridging the rights of Presbyteries and Synods, point out the instances and insist upon relief, but don't try, by highly adjectived sentences based on misstatement of presbyter-

ial rights and relations and unsupported charges usurpation, to scare the church into mutilating or abandoning great continent-winning policies." The same writer is of opinion that the Home Board is being made by others a pretext for whacking Union Theological Seminary, saying: "There are a good many of us who would like to see Union Seminary completely and irrevocably divorced from the Presbyterian church. Union Seminary is perfectly agreeable thereto and has done everything it could in honor and loyalty to its benefactors to secure such a divorce. A few belligerent defenders of the faith insist upon hanging onto it as a pet bugaboo with which to frighten the church. This may be an opportune time to get in a whack at Union Seminary, but we have a right to protest against the Home Board being made a pretext for that purpose."

SOME CONGREGATIONAL SNAP-SHOTS.

Taken at the Recent Retreat of the Southern California Congregational Ministers at Avalon, Catalina Island.

He was one of the home missionary pastors bearing his testimony in the final session of the Retreat. "I came here with fear and trembling," he said in substance. "My soul was apprehensive, as the soul of the soldier is apprehensive the night before the battle. I am not narrow, but I am jealous for my Christ. I didn't know what would be said in the heat of controversy. But I testify now, I borrowed trouble. I rejoice to have been here. I see the underlying fundamentals that bind us together, both old school and new school. We are aiming at the same divine realities. I go back, and shall henceforth be unafraid."

The pages of the history of Congregationalism in California narrowly escaped being stained with scandal recently. It was one o'clock in the morning. The policeman of a small town not many miles away from Los Angeles noticed two suspicious characters loitering on a street corner. He was not sure whether they were planning some hold-up or an extensive burglary. Stealing up behind them he suddenly flashed his bull's-eye into the face of the more disreputable individual. What he saw would determine whether they should be arrested or not. But fortunately, there was no villainy written there. He gazed upon a countenance serene in innocence. With apologies he departed. Suppose that he hadn't? For his possible victim was Secretary Ralph B. Larkin, returning to his hotel from one of the midnight round-tables in theology by which the Catalina Retreat was made memorable. Besides the two scheduled discussions of each day, most men found themselves involved in two supplementary and informal sessions each day, the last continuing into the wee sma' hours. "It was intelligently the most stimulating and the most exhausting gathering I ever attended," was one man's verdict.

The sports that brightened the days were manifold. The hills offered tense tramping. Baseball stiffened many a muscle. There was fishing—that is, the aspiring side of it. Bissell and Jump and Turk and Campbell played or talked golf. Nava, our Mexican pastor at Bakersfield, proved to be a circus tumbler of no mean ability. Hand of Lemon Grove was our expert rattlesnake killer. Davis of Moreno handled a rifle so as to worry the bull's eye and his ambitious competitors. Swimming, quoits, gym stunts, and a mighty tug of war between the Campbellites and the Kennottites, sounding like a battle between two extra-canonical tribes of the Canaanites, rounded out the circle of athletic ventures. Never was a jollier set of boys brought to-

gether when play constituted the order of the day. A few moments later, when the group had deployed on the grass along the hill-side to hear Fox lead our thought toward high themes, the boys suddenly became men of God, busy about their Father's business. It was a splendid example of how naturalness and devout piety could be wedded without embarrassment.

The discussions after the leader of the session had opened the theme were often electric with feeling, often solemn with deep passion. Younger men from Yale and Union pitted their point of view against the interpretations of older men who had enjoyed no theological training. Marked divergences were evident. But the spirit of harmony was not lost for a single instant. And there were tears in some eyes at that unforgettable last session when one of the veteran pastors summed up his comment as follows: "You younger men have converted me. I say it frankly, I have been censorious in the past toward the modern ideas. I have been suspicious and sometimes indignant. But I have misjudged you. Probably I shall not change my theology very much now. I am the oldest in service of any who are here. I come from New Hampshire, and we from the New England hills do not change very easily. But brethren, I shall know henceforth that we are all driving toward the same goal. I thank God for the revelation that has come to me in these meetings."

"Hoot! Andy mon!" So we greeted the saintly Dr. Campbell, pastor of the entertaining church, when he emerged from the parsonage one afternoon ready for a sturdy tussle with the mountain trail to the further edge of the island. He was so perfect a replica of the Scotch laird of Skibo that we were tempted to accost him instanter for a pipe organ or a public library in the metropolis where we chanced to dwell. Incidentally the dozen attractive volumes from his pen which we were glad to glance through as they lay on the book-table at the rear door of the church proved that our Andy could write books as successfully as the other Andy could give them away.

It was out of a past thrilling with romance that the five dozen men came together for fraternity and conference. One had been for fifteen years a Norwegian sailor before the mast. One had been for twelve years an ensign and captain of the Salvation Army. One had lived with Eskimos in Alaska. One had ridden the plains of the Dakotahs as chaplain to the sainted Bishop Hare, the Apostle to the Indians. One had festered in the Andersonville prison pen. One had been a famous Williams College football hero. One had been a professional quartet tenor in leading New England churches. One had been a coal miner. One had been a lawyer, trying eighteen murder cases in New York, frequenting the Hoffman House bar with the sporty set of that metropolis until God called unto his soul. But now they were all Congregational prophets. Where but in Southern California could such a mass of color and picturesqueness be brought together in a ministers' retreat? It was because the men who came together with one accord to one place, Avalon, were Parthians and Medes and Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia—it was because of this fact that the spirit of Pentecost was so powerfully among us.

The women of the Catalina church are famous hostesses and cooks. And on the all-day picnic when they entertained the company, they endeared themselves forever to their guests. The liberality with which the Congregational proprietors of the hotels and boarding houses put their bedrooms at the disposal of us visitors absolutely free of charge made us deeply their debtors also. No songs were

sung to mine host Whitney of the Glenmore Hotel who footed the bills for the banquet, when toastmaster Stanley Fisher gave us the key for our college songs and started the flow of wit and wisdom; but we all wrote his name down on our hearts up where Abou Ben Adhem's name is to be found.

Many a word was said, many a picture painted that will linger long in memory. "We are each of us like one of those blue perch we saw down in the submarine gardens, living in a kelp world, thinking in terms of a kelp universe, unable to interpret existence save in terms of our kelp." "No matter where in the universe you begin to probe, you find God. Once I tried to drive a tent-peg on a ledge thinly covered with soil. I drove it down here—it struck the rock. I tried it yonder—again it struck the rock. Several times in different spots I tried it, but the ledge was everywhere." These from Jump of Redlands. "The Bible is not a child's book; it is a gymnasium for the soul to exercise in." This from Morrison of Pasadena. "Faithfulness is success." This, as the climax of a most dramatic personal experience from Dr. Brooks of Los Angeles. "Here we have struck the balance between the pietistic and the rational." This from Wilson of Compton. And lastly, the impressive farewell motto given us by Dr. Campbell: "In Him, with Him, for Him."

THE BATTLE AGAINST THE SALOON. Some Recent Results in the Central States.

Minnesota.

It is evident that sentiment in favor of the abolition of the saloon in Minnesota is crystalizing with remarkable rapidity. As a result of village elections held March 10, most of the dry towns were upheld by the temperance forces and over thirty were won from the wet side, closing approximately seventy-five saloons. On April 7, elections were held in about twenty towns of larger size, resulting again in remarkable gains for the temperance forces. Eight towns which had previously been strong liquor centers, were won for the dry side, and about sixty saloons were thereby put out of business. The results in some of the larger towns which did not secure a favorable vote for prohibition were almost equally gratifying to the temperance people, because of the splendid fight which was made against very adverse conditions. It is commonly admitted by the leading politicians of the state that county option and brewery control are the only real issues in population of Ohio was in territory where no license was permitted. Since January twenty-seven elections have been held, in which the question of saloons or no saloons was at issue. The dries won an overwhelming majority of these contests, capturing twenty of them and leaving only seven to the wets. Forty-five of Ohio's eighty-eight counties are now dry and in a number of the wet counties there are only one or two places in which saloons are permitted. The liquorites are so frightened that they are preparing to hold a big parade and mass meeting in Cincinnati to stem the tide which is rising against them.

Victories in Michigan.

How overwhelming the temperance victory of April 6 in Michigan will prove to be must depend upon the recount which is asked in three counties where the vote is very close. But if the success were reduced to the over-

whelming victory in Ingham county, in which Lansing, the Minnesota politics.

Saloon Being Gradually Pushed to the Wall in Ohio.

When the new year, 1914, dawned 48 per cent of the state capital is located, it would more than compensate for some minor reverses. Forty-four saloons and one brewery are put out of business there. In Wexford county in which Cadillac is located, and in Shiawassee county, in which Owosso is located, the vote is very close, but apparently both will be numbered in the dry column. In Mecosta county, the home of Governor Ferris, who is also president of the large normal college at Big Rapids, and where the governor personally conducted the campaign, there is an increased dry majority. In Kalkaska county, which has been dry for two years, and which the liquor interests were confident of a return to a wet status, every township went dry. As far as definite figures can be secured, the saloons put out of business will be about fifty, and those to be introduced, according to the limitations of the "Warner-Crampton law," less than ten. The moral gain is even greater than the numerical gain, for the saloon forces had made a life and death fight to keep the state capital in wet territory. The Anti-Saloon League made an equally vigorous effort to drive out the saloon.

The Battle Goes on in Indiana.

Since the enactment of the last liquor legislation, there is no longer a special day for simultaneous action regarding the saloons, but the warfare goes on—a continuous guerrilla campaign—striking at the most susceptible points, sometimes victorious, and again defeat; yet usually showing that the undercurrent of sentiment against intemperance is becoming stronger. The most signal victory of the year, thus far is at Muncie, where in a city of 30,000 there flourished twenty-nine saloons. Aside from the closing of these doors, comes word from Greensburgh and Lyons of like suppressions. The crusade now turns toward New Castle and Syracuse, where remonstrances have been filed.

Three-Fourths of Nebraska Without Saloons.

Sentiment favorable to stricter regulations has been rising year by year in Nebraska. With each April election new towns join the ranks of dry towns; fifteen changed to the dry column this year. Such excellent communities as Lexington, Rushville and Wahoo gave majority votes for no saloons. Two towns contiguous to Indian reservations, Emerson and Bancroft, which have had saloons for years, this spring voted against their continuance. A notable victory was gained at Falls City. For fifty years it has been a license town, and has supported a brewery; it voted no license. 56 per cent of Nebraska's population is now living in territory saloonless, while three-fourths of the state geographically is without a saloon. Allied temperance forces of the state have agreed to drop agitation respecting a state law prohibiting saloons within two miles of state institutions and center effort with next fall on state-wide prohibition for 1916, thus effectively preparing for a nation-wide prohibitory amendment movement.

A Very Satisfactory Advance in Illinois.

In a comment on the April elections in Illinois, The Continent says:

"In Illinois the wet and dry issue was fought out in scores of counties and townships of the state, and nearly

1,100 saloons were voted out of existence. Under the local option law 121 wet townships, containing 168 cities and villages, went dry, and a large number of previously dry townships voted to remain dry. Only one dry township, so far as the early returns showed, voted to become wet. There are now fifty-two counties already in the dry list out of a total of 102 in the state, and there is a chance that four more counties may be won at another election on the 21st instant. Temperance leaders hope to control the state senate and hope to win a majority in the next house.

"Women voters of the state contributed very materially to this satisfactory outcome—in fact, had it not been for their vote the temperance victories would have been far fewer. In only three important cities, including Springfield, the state capital, did a majority of the women vote wet, and the women voters are given credit for saving the day in nearly all of the townships which turned against the grogshops. It is estimated that over 65 per cent of the women's vote was cast for the anti-saloon cause.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE PRESIDENT.

An Address by President Wilson

Recently, the National Press Club, in Washington, opened up new quarters, and invited the President to give an address. Mr. Wilson gave an impromptu talk, not intended for publication, but yielded finally to many importunities and allowed the Club to give it to the public. We present it here.

"I was just thinking of my sense of confusion of identity, sometimes, when I read the articles about myself. I have never read an article about myself in which I recognized myself, and I have come to have the impression that I must be some kind of a fraud, because I think a great many of these articles are written in absolute good faith. I tremble to think of the variety and falseness in the impressions I make—and it is being borne in on me so that it may change my very disposition—that I am a cold and removed person who has a thinking machine inside which he adjusts to the circumstances, which he does not allow to be moved by any winds of affection or emotion of any kind, and that turns like a cold searchlight on anything that is presented to his attention and makes it work.

"I am not aware of having any detachable apparatus inside of me. On the contrary, if I were to interpret myself, I would say that my constant embarrassment is to restrain the emotions that are inside of me. You may not believe it, but I sometimes feel like a fire from a far from extinct volcano, and if the lava does not seem to spill over it is because you are not high enough to see into the basin and see the cauldron boil. Because, truly, gentlemen, in the position which I now occupy there is a sort of, I do not know how else to express it than to say, passionate sense of being connected with my fellow-men in a peculiar relationship of responsibility, not merely the responsibility of office, but God knows there are enough things in this world that need to be corrected.

"I have mixed, first and last, with all sorts and conditions of men—there are mighty few kinds of men that have to be described to me, and there are mighty few

kinds of experiences that have to be described to me—and when I think of the number of men who are looking to me as the representative of a party, with the hope for all varieties of salvage from the things they are struggling in the midst of, it makes me tremble. It makes me tremble not only with a sense of my own inadequacy and weakness, but as if I were shaken by the very things that are shaking them, and if I seem circumspect, it is because I am so diligently trying not to make any colossal blunders. If you just calculate the number of blunders a fellow can make in twenty-four hours if he is not careful and if he does not listen more than he talks, you would see something of the feeling that I have.

"I was amused the other day at a remark that Senator Newlands made. I had read him the Trust message, that I was to deliver to Congress some ten days before I delivered it, and I never stop 'doctoring' things of that kind until the day I deliver them. When he heard it read to Congress he said: 'I think it is better than it was when you read it to me.' I said: 'Senator, there is one thing which I do not think you understand. I not only use all the brains that I have, but all I can borrow, and I have borrowed a lot since I read it to you first.'

"That, I dare say, is what gives the impression of circumspectness. I am listening; I am diligently trying to collect all the brains that are borrowable in order that I will not make more blunders than it is inevitable that a man should make who has great limitations of knowledge and capacity. And the emotion of the thing is so great that I suppose I must be some kind of a mask to conceal it. I really feel sometimes as if I were masquerading when I catch a picture of myself in some printed description. In between things that I have to do as a public officer I never think of myself as the President of the United States, because I have never had any sense of being identified with that office.

"I feel like a person appointed for a certain length of time to administer that office, and I feel just as much outside of it at this moment as I did before I was elected. I feel just as much outside of it as I still feel outside of the Government of the United States; no man could imagine himself the government of the United States, but he could understand that some part of his fellow-citizens had told him to go and run a certain part of it the best he knew how. That would not make him the Government itself or the thing itself. It would just make him responsible for running it the best he knew how. The machine is so much greater than himself, the office is so much greater than himself, the office is so much greater than he can ever be, and the most he can do is to look grave enough and self-possessed enough to seem to fill it.

"I can hardly refrain every now and then from tipping the public the wink, as much as to say, 'It is only "me" that is inside this thing. I know perfectly well that I will have to get out presently. I know that then I will look just my own proper size, and that for the time being the proportions are somewhat refracted and misrepresented to the eye by the large thing I am inside of, from which I am tipping you this wink.'

"For example, take matters of this sort. I will not say whether it is wise or unwise, simple or grave, but certain precedents have been established that in certain

companies the President must leave the room first, and people must give way to him. They must not sit down if he is standing up. It is a very uncomfortable thing to have to think of all the other people every time I get up and sit down, and all that sort of thing. So that when I get guests in my own house, and the public is shut out, I adjourn being President and take leave to be a gentleman. If they draw back and insist upon my doing something first, I firmly decline.

"There are blessed intervals when I forget by one means or another that I am President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender, and chase him all over—preferably any continent but this, because the various parts of this continent are becoming painfully suggestive to me. The Post Offices and many other things which stir reminiscence have 'sicklied them o'er with a pale cast of thought.' There are Post Offices to which I wouldn't think of mailing a letter, which I can't think of without trembling with the knowledge of all the heartburnings of the struggle there was in connection with getting somebody installed as postmaster.

"Now, if I were free I would come not infrequently up to these rooms. You know I never was in Washington but a few times, and for a very few hours, until I came last year, and I never expect to see the inside of the public buildings in Washington until my term is over. The minute I turn up anywhere I am personally conducted to beat the band. The Curator and the Assistant Curators and every other blooming official turns up, and they show me so much attention that I don't see the building. I would have to say, 'Stand aside and let me see what you are showing me.'

Some day, after I am through with this office, I am going to come back to Washington and see it. In the meantime I am in the same category as the National Museum, the Monument, the Smithsonian Institution, or the Congressional Library, and everything that comes down here has to be shown the President. If I only knew an exhibition appearance to assume—apparently I can assume other appearances that do not show what is going on inside—I would like to have it pointed out, so that I could practice it before the looking glass and see if I could not look like the Monument. Being regarded as a National exhibit, it will be much simpler than being shaken hands with by the whole United States.

"And yet, even that is interesting to me, simply because I like human beings. It is a pretty poor crowd that doesn't interest you. I think they would have to be all members of that class that devotes itself to 'expense regardless of pleasure' in order to be entirely uninteresting. These look so much alike—spend their time trying to look so much alike—and so relieve themselves of all responsibility of thoughts that they are very monotonous, indeed to look at; whereas a crowd picked up off the street is just a jolly lot—a job lot of real human beings, pulsating with life, with all kinds of passions and desires.

"It would be a great pleasure, if, unobserved and unattended, I could be knocked around as I have been accustomed to being knocked around all my life; if I could resort to any delightful quarter, to any place in Washington that I chose. I have sometimes thought of going to some costumer's—some theatrical costumer's—and buying an assortment of beards, rouge, and coloring, and

all the known means of disguising myself, if it were not against the law.

"You see I have a scruple as President against breaking the law and disguising one's self is against the law, but if I could disguise myself and not get caught I would go out, be a free American citizen once more, and have a jolly time. I might then meet some of you gentlemen and actually tell you what I really thought."

COMMENT ON PRESIDENT WILSON'S DISCLOSURE.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Post says of President Wilson's revelation of himself to the National Press Club: "It is the most amazing thing he has done since he has been in Washington. Amazing because it was so human, so natural, so unaffected, and so lacking in all restraint. It is the first time he has disclosed the inner workings of his mind so fully, so freely, so clearly, and so vividly, even to his few intimates.

One is tempted to say that this speech is the only character sketch of Mr. Wilson that has ever been printed that is worth the paper it is written on. It is an authentic piece of autobiography. In it Mr. Wilson has shown an unsuspected capacity to describe his inner self and his mental operations as detachedly and as brilliantly as he has on occasion described a political situation or condition.

The speech really marks a turning point in Mr. Wilson's career at Washington. It means a readjustment of attitudes and of relations in the Washington scene. It gives that large number of persons here at the capital to whom Mr. Wilson is necessarily the chief figure in the scene a new point of view, and a new and truer conception of the man with whom they have to deal. In a personal sense, and from a purely local viewpoint, Mr. Wilson's disclosure is, perhaps, the most interesting utterance he has made since he became President.

The mere disclosure will make Mr. Wilson's way easier in Washington. It will be helpful to him in that it will enable the people who come daily in contact with him, members of Congress and others, to know him.

It is evident from what the President says that he has chafed under the general misunderstanding and misconception of himself; that he has read the many 'character sketches' that have been printed about him. It is evident, too, that he recognizes that clearly there exists at this juncture an inextinguishable thirst for larger knowledge of his personality, his convictions, his opinions, his views, and his habits."

OAKLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL COLLEGE.

J. B. Orr.

There are three chief teachers in the college which meets each Friday evening in the First Presbyterian Church, Oakland. I will not try to review the lectures of Prof. Parsons and Secretary Fisher in this article, but present in brief the main points advanced by Prof. C. E. Rugh. Life is response to environment.

Our body responds to the physical world; our mind to the world of ideas; our moral life to the social order; our spiritual life to ideals; and our religious life is the response of our will to the will of God.

In each realm we respond to the source of help—earth sustains the body; art, literature, music, the mind; social

surroundings make our moral standards; ideals awake—and foster the spiritual; and highest of all, God makes us in His image, sustains us, and we answer to his appeal. Eye responds to light and mind to thought, because light and thought helped unfold eye and brain. The will of man responds to the will of God because God created the will, and it is God who worketh in us both to will and do of His good pleasure. A boy can learn the multiplication table because he is built upon its principle. A boy can learn religion because he is in germ, religious.

Three Kinds of Heredity.

Each child has three kinds of heredity: animal, human and divine.

Christian education brings the child to a consciousness of God. Each child has the three germs: animal, human and divine, and it is the teacher's part to develop a personal consciousness of God.

What is the difference between a moral and religious child? One responds only to the moral or human, the other to the moral and the divine. A Sunday-school is a teacher and a pupil. The purpose of their session is that the teacher, whose own will answers to God's will, may organize the pupil's will to do the same.

All life develops through action; it is only by effort we advance.

Each person takes seven steps from the lowest physical reaction to the highest, religious. These are: Reflex, Instinctive, Imitative, Habitual, Voluntary, Moral, Religious. The first four are animal, the next two human, the last divine.

The first four are in the realm of impulse, the second three of volition. In one we act, then think; in the other we think and voluntarily act. One realm is subconscious, the other conscious.

Religious education trains children to be ruled by their heads down rather than from the lower up. Religious life commands and controls all six forces beneath it. Christian education is grafting into the impulses of the child, order from the top down.

Religious life is based on experience of fear, respect, affection, play, work. Instincts through memory become motives leading the child to act on the above five points.

Words do not convey ideas; they awaken spiritual forces within and bring them above the line of consciousness. A lie is the worst kind of a sin, because it wrenches our personality—it makes the lips say one thing while the brain thinks another.

Men swear at what they do not understand—boyhood, motherhood, heaven, God.

LETTER FROM PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SEATTLE, TO THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND.

The Pastoral Committee of the First Congregational Church of Oakland received recently a letter from Plymouth Congregational Church, Seattle, which read in the main as follows:

"We have received your message and letter of March 8th, bearing joy and sorrow—the former for you and the latter for us.

"The practice of the pastorless church silently and suddenly abducting the honored and beloved pastor of a sister church, has become an accepted and approved system, therefore we cannot reproach you upon the success of your raid, much as we regret

and bemoan our own loss. We remember that in the past we have been guilty of similar malefactions, and suspect that, unregenerate, we shall sin again at an early date.

"We congratulate you upon the prize thus acquired. Dr. Van Horn will meet all of your requirements and fill your anticipations. It is a comfort and pleasure to us to realize that Dr. Van Horn will still be a neighbor. The interests and problems of our denomination on this coast are so common and mutual, that we seem to touch elbows all the way from San Diego to Puget Sound. We need each other's sympathy and encouragement.

"Dr. Van Horn will carry to you the benefits and lessons of his experience with us, which will add value to his ministry among you and your churches. He will continue to be a strong force in the up-building of the Kingdom, and a bulwark to our denomination.

"We rejoice in our fellowship with you in the work of the Master on this coast. We reciprocate your cordial greetings, and we yield our pastor to the superior inducements of your field, with our love for him unimpaired and with the prayer that his pastorate with you may be one of long and uninterrupted harmony, enthusiasm and fruitful endeavor."

The foregoing was framed and signed by the trustees of Plymouth Church: John Schram, John A. MacKinnon, Everett Smith, E. E. Harrah and I. F. Swift. It was approved by the church on the 26th of March.

We like the spirit of it, as well as the commendation which it bears, and give it therefore for this wider reading.

A NOTABLE GIFT FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, PACIFIC AGENCY.

For a number of years Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Norton of Seattle, Washington, were interested in the Bible Society's work in the foreign and in the home field.

In 1909 through the Pacific Agency they contributed



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Norton.

six lots in the University View Addition of Seattle, valued at five thousand dollars to the fund raised by the American Bible Society to meet the conditions of the Mrs. Russell Sage gift.

Last summer Mr. Norton, who was president of the

University State Bank, willed his private property officially appraised at fifty-five thousand dollars: five thousand dollars to a Japanese mission of the Free Methodist church, ten thousand dollars to the Seattle Seminary of the same denomination and the residue of his property to the American Bible Society.

It was the desire of Mr. Norton, as God's faithful steward, to help all churches and mission fields. He felt that he could best do this by leaving his largest bequest to our Bible Society. In September of last year God called this conscientious servant to his reward.

In further carrying out their united plans, Mrs. Norton turned over to the society as an annuity gift, 122 lots of University View Addition, valued at one hundred thousand dollars. This addition, located near the State University and overlooking Lake Washington, is a piece of beautiful, high-class residential property.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Norton, the widow, retains a life-interest in Mr. Norton's estate, and an annuity is also paid her on her own property gift, it will doubtless be some time before the Society will actually realize on these gifts, but as the Society is in legal possession they can be counted as actual assets.

The gifts are accepted by the Society as a sacred trust to fulfil the purpose and hopes of the generous and consecrated donors. Such gifts are treasures laid up in heaven.

A. WESLEY MELL.

APPEAL FOR FAMINE SUFFERERS IN JAPAN.

Official information has been received that a famine of extraordinary severity, caused by failure of crops, prevails in northern Japan, and as a result, 150,000 people are in desperate want of the necessities of life and wholly dependent upon charity. Aside from these are tens of thousands who need partial support. The Japanese government and people have aided most liberally, but the funds are entirely inadequate. Inasmuch as this suffering will continue and increase until late in the year, prompt relief is absolutely necessary. This suffering prevails in the following provinces in the respective order of severity: Fukushima, Aomori, Hokkaido, Yamagata, Miyagi and Akita.

Remembering the prompt and generous response made by the Japanese people at the time of San Francisco's great disaster and the fact that Japan was the only Nation in the world to contribute to the relief of our distress at that time, the Japan Society of America, whose headquarters are in San Francisco, actuated by a desire to do its part in relieving the distressing conditions now existing, is co-operating with the Famine Relief Society of Japan of which the former Prime Minister, Marquis Masayoshi Matsukata is the President. An earnest appeal is made by the Japan Society to its membership, to the residents of San Francisco and to the citizens of the entire Coast to contribute funds for the relief of these sufferers.

Subscriptions will be received by the Seaboard National Bank, San Francisco, or by any of the undersigned.

In behalf of the Japan Society of America: F. W. Dohrman, R. B. Hale, Harvey H. Guy, Horace Davis, Robert Dollar, Herbert B. Johnson.

President Wilson's first year is reviewed in The Century Magazine for May by Maurice Low who was for many years

Washington correspondent of the London Post. It is an article well worth reading. We quote: "Mr. Wilson has been his own foreign minister, as he has been his own cabinet. The Mexican policy is his policy. . . . He has put his impress upon the state department, as he has upon all other departments of the government. He controls congress. He dominates Washington. He is the most masterful figure American politics has known, as determined as Jackson, but with the persuasion and tact that were foreign to Jackson's nature. He has done things. Among the men to whom the White House is a background there is no more interesting study, none with nature more perplexing, none whose future defies prediction."

WILLIAM ALBERT TENNY.

The Rev. William Albert Tenny, who passed to his reward on the 20th of this month from his Oakland home, well deserves to be ranked among the efficient pioneers of the Congregational ministry on the Pacific Coast. Imbued with the missionary spirit he came to this distant field fresh from the Seminary fifty-eight years ago, and through these many years, with consecrated purpose, in labors arduous, and trials many, and often with meager support, yet with courage undaunted, he rendered a faithful and fruitful service to the cause of Christ. His plain wisdom and tact well fitted him for his pioneer work, which had a wide range, both in Oregon and California, and in it all he proved himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. He had a sterling integrity of character, a clarity of motive and an unquestioned sincerity of heart, that ever, whether in the pulpit or out of it, won the confidence of men. Those to whom he ministered trusted him, loved him, and were influenced and helped by him largely because of those qualities.

He was born in St. Albans, Maine, eighty-six years ago last November. Without taking a college course he entered the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1853, and graduated therefrom with good standing in 1856. He at once was engaged by the Home Missionary Society to labor in what was then far away and little known Oregon.

In the large published history of the various branches of the Tenney family it is related of him that he was ordained on July 31st, after graduating, that he traveled fifty miles the next day, was married the day following, and on the day after that preached three times. This at least shows that he took life seriously and that with him duty was supreme even over nuptial joys.

Arriving in Oregon with his young bride he began his pioneering by prospecting for the Home Missionary Society in Eugene. Then he went to Astoria and organized a church there, to which he ministered a couple of years. Then a call came from The Dalles to start a new work. There also he gave a nourishing ministry of two years. Then the young church in Forest Grove, the seat of the Pacific University, claimed him for another two years.

From Forest Grove he came to California in 1863 to take up the same pioneer work. First in the mountain town of El Dorado, where he organized a church and ministered to it three years.

Following this for two years he was city missionary in San Francisco. Then again he went to a new field. This time in Soquel, where he assisted in organizing a church and was its pastor for two years. From Soquel he was re-

called to Astoria, and in that first church of his love and labor he fulfilled a fruitful pastorate of four years. From there he came to Hydesville, Cal., where he was pastor five years. Following this there were successful pastorates in Grass Valley Rio Vista and Fruitvale, Oakland, of which last church, also, he was the first minister.

It has fallen to the lot of but few to be the original pastor of so many churches, starting them on careers of usefulness.

All his work had this quality of excellence, that it left no root of bitterness to spring up into after troubles. He inspired harmony and heartiness. It has been said of him that he left every church to which he ministered not only united, but stronger in numbers, in faith, in hope and courage, than it was when he came. As a pastor he was looked to as a friend and helper in times of need. He led his flock in paths of righteousness.

He was also a good preacher, we would say of more than the average ability—not a shining star, but a thoughtful, earnest, helpful preacher of the Word. His sermons came largely out of his own experiences in the truth and in the Christian life, and hence were edifying and satisfying. He did not concern himself with doubtful questions or critical issues to no profit; but suited the word to the present needs of his people. The writer of this heard him preach a sermon forty-five years ago on "What Thomas Lost by Not Being at the Prayer-meeting," drawn from the gathering for prayer in the upper room after the resurrection, the text being: "And Thomas was not with them when Jesus came." The applications were so pertinent that the sermon has lingered vividly in the memory ever since, as few sermons have.

He himself was a man of prayer and a great believer in prayer. A little booklet written by him on the "Far Reach of United Prayer," gives instances of remarkable answers within the range of his own knowledge and experience, showing his own faith in the efficacy of prayer.

His convictions of the truth were firm. His experiences of the divine love were clear. His hope of the blessed immortality was triumphant.

WALTER FREAR

W. A. TENNY.

In the death of Rev. W. A. Tenny, California has lost a very useful and successful minister, one who endeared himself to every church of which he was pastor, and one who was greatly used of God in the conversion of souls. The present writer is glad to testify that this was his sole aim in each of his pastorates in California and Oregon, and God so blessed and used him in this way that there are many, both here and there, who call him blessed. A member of one of his Oregon churches said to the writer very recently, "We have never had a better preacher than he," and a hard-headed business man of this state said: "There is no discount on Mr. Tenny or his preaching." There was no uncertain sound in his preaching, neither was there any shadow of doubt in his own heart as to his own relationship to Jesus Christ. He said to us a short time ago, "When I go home I want you to use the text; 'I know Him in whom I have believed'; that is what I rest on."

He had very much to do with the spiritual progress of the Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland, when situated on 34th and Adeline streets. Quite a number are liv-

ing today on a higher spiritual plane because of Mr. Tenny's positive influence on their lives. He has been a "spiritual father" in a very helpful tender way to the writer, for forty years, and we feel that we are bereft indeed, now that we cannot again go to him for counsel in time of need.

Thank God for such men and the influence they have had in all the churches

W. H. COOKE.

Among the Churches.

Athens-on-the-Hill.—Letters missive are now out, calling a Council for the recognition of this new church.

Los Angeles, New Bethlehem, Japanese.—The Japanese congregation, which has heretofore been a branch of the Bethlehem work, now is seeking recognition as a separate church, and is calling a Council to meet May 8.

San Francisco, First.—The Rev. George Laughton of Hilo, formerly pastor of Mission Congregational church, will occupy the pulpit during Dr. Aked's vacation this summer. — Nine persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, four coming on confession.

Los Angeles, Pilgrim.—Rev. Tyler Dennett, who for the last three years has been pastor of this church, has presented his resignation. The three years he has worked in the parish have been a time of great growth, the church developing in a spectacular manner, coming to self-support and developing its resources in all lines.

Loomis.—The Rev. W. D. Redburn has resigned as pastor at Loomis, and will enter in business in Sacramento early in June. Mr. Redburn has made a large place for himself in the hearts of the people and his departure will be greatly regretted. During his pastorate the church has been much strengthened in every department. More than thirty new members have been received, and large congregations have assembled from Sunday to Sunday.

Los Angeles, First.—At the Twilight Communion Service on Easter twenty-six were received into this church. Of these five were from our Chinese branch church. We had a glad surprise in having a cablegram from Dr. and Mrs. Day and Madam Day. It was in these words: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might become rich." They were observing Easter in Jerusalem. We have been favored with a letter from Dr. Day at every mid-week service. During the last six weeks we have heard several preachers from abroad. Among them were Dr. Booker T. Washington, Dan Crawford, and Dr. James L. Barton.

Porterville.—The work has been very prosperous during the past eight months under the leadership of the Rev. R. W. Rogers. The audience has fluctuated in size, filling the church several times. Nearly six hundred people attended the church Easter evening, filling every inch of standing room in the church and vestibule, and one hundred and fifty people were turned away that could not get in. At the annual meeting in January the treasurer reported that all running expenses had been met

and a deficit cleared up. Some substantial members have moved from the city during the past six months but it looks as if others were coming in to take their places. Ten new names have been added to the fellowship; a men's club has been organized which recently had sixty-five men at a banquet; the young ladies of the church have been organized into a "Comfort Guild," to work among the sick and troubled. "Go-to-Church Sunday" was recently observed, twenty-five hundred, about half the population, attending the churches. The church has had helpful visits from Superintendent L. D. Rathbone, Rev. M. B. Fisher and Dr. E. L. House. The memorial day address this year at Tulare, which has one of the most active G. A. R. posts in central California, is to be given by Mr. Rogers.

HOME OF CROCKETT CONGREGATIONALISTS DEDICATED FREE OF DEBT.

Sunday, April the 19th, 1914, will go down the annals of Crockett Congregational history as a day of great rejoicing. It was a day of joyful triumphs, marking as it did, the dedication, free of debt, of the new church edifice.

The weather was ideal. The setting of the flourishing little city of 3000 souls on the gentle slope of the Contra Costa hills overlooking the straits of Carquinez, with the scenic beauty of the Solano hills rising grandly in the distance beyond, stirred poetry and aspiration in the most phlegmatic.

In such a setting, and occupying therein a most imposing site, stands the new building. No community could have responded more satisfactory for the three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening, than did the people of Crockett and Valona, to say nothing of visiting friends from neighboring towns and cities.

From San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond, Vallejo, Benicia, Danville, Suisun, they came, emphasizing the good fellowship of the region about the bays.

The new building is attractive, commodious, and convenient and is intended by its builders to minister to the many-sided life of the community.

The services of the day were especially pleasing to lovers of music in consequence of the delightful selections rendered by the choir of sixteen well trained voices. Flowers in pink and white, fragrant and beautiful, were in abundance throughout the auditorium.

The morning sermon was by Superintendent Leland D. Rathbone. The financial statement was made by Mr. Warren A. Davis, treasurer of the church building committee, wherein was shown the need of about \$700, after which Dr. Rathbone led with blackboard in the money raising. Nearly \$800 was raised in pledges and collection amid great rejoicing. With the \$1500 granted by the Congregational Church Building Society, one of the generous partners in the enterprise, all bills can be paid with a surplus sufficient for the furnace, cement walks, etc.

The dedicatory sermon was delivered by the Rev. Rob-

ert Walker of the Green Street Church, San Francisco.

The responsive dedicatory service was led by the pastor, and the dedicatory prayer was offered by Dr. Rathbone.

The formal passing of the keys marked the committal of the new building to the care and keeping of the Board of Trustees.

The great day was concluded with an evening service in which the attendance exceeded in numbers both preceding sessions.

During the closing hour Rev. B. St. John led in prayer, after which Dr. Walker again interested and edified his hearers by discoursing on "The Christian Religion."

The formal opening of the new building occurred on Easter Sunday. In commemoration of the happy event three services were conducted, an enjoyable feature of the day being the special Easter music by the newly organized choir. During the morning hour of worship the pastor received nine adults into the fellowship of the church.

During the Easter vesper service in the afternoon five children received the rite of baptism. Specially trained girl voices of the church brightened the hour with choruses, solos and duets.

These services have very fittingly marked the begin-



Congregational Church, Crockett, Cal.

ning of what we trust shall prove to be a new and more steadfast devotion to God's house in the community.

E. O. CHAPEL.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses on "Our Changed Conception of God," "The Changed View of the Bible," and "Christ from the Modern Point of View," have been printed in pamphlet form.

They may be had as follows: One copy, five cents; six for 25 cents; fifteen for 50 cents; thirty-five for \$1.00,

PARK CHURCH PLANNING TO CELEBRATE.

Park Congregational Church of San Francisco completed a quarter of a century of work in the Park panhandle district on February 4th of this year.

This work was commenced as a Mission Sunday-school and preaching station by a committee of the First Church and under the direct supervision of the First Church, by the Rev. F. J. Culver, on February 4, 188.

The work was carried on in this way under various leaders, but all the time under the direction of the committee of the First church until February 2, 1891, when the Park Congregational Church was formally organized by a council of churches of the Bay Association, and under the pastorate of the Rev. Horace W. Houlding, now a missionary in China, who will arrive soon in this country.

At the quarterly meeting of the church held on Monday, April 13th, an historical paper was read by Charles J. King, dealing with the period of the history of the Mission from the time of its inauguration to the time of church organization. After a sumptuous supper was partaken of, the church inaugurated plans for celebrating the Semi-Jubilee of the Mission and the coming of the age of church organization, and the following committee was appointed to carry the proposed celebration into effect: Chairman, J. Pattinson, Mrs. J. Pattinson, Miss C. Campbell, Mr. R. H. Hall, Mr. H. Gummell and Chas. J. King.

On Sunday, following the morning service, the committee met and organized by electing Chas. J. King, secretary, and adding the Rev. J. A. Davidson to the committee and electing him vice-president.

Plans were also outlined as to the nature of the celebration, which, if present plans are carried out, will cover a week, and it is hoped to have the help of the First Church to carry out the celebration. The committee is also desirous of getting in touch with any persons who were in any way connected with the early history of the church or mission and Sunday-school, with a view to their interest and possible assistance.

Communications should be addressed to the secretary of the committee. CHAS. J. KING,

1900 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

PROVIDENCE CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES.

On Tuesday evening, April 21, an Ecclesiastical Council met in the small room used temporarily by a group of believers in the Echo Park Avenue region and proceeded to introduce them into the Congregational way. Rev. John M. Schaeffe of the Pico Heights Church, the Dean of our Los Angeles ministry, was elected Moderator, and Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn of the West End Church scribe. Very complete records were presented by the clerk of the church, and the pastor made a most excellent statement. When the council was by itself the vote was unanimous to recognize the new enterprise. One recommendation was made, that instead of the name "Echo Park," which they had intended to use, but which might cause confusion with the name "Park," of our second church, some other should be substituted. The name which commends itself to most of the members is "Providence," and by that in all likelihood it will be known. Because of the lateness of the hour it was decided to postpone the public exercises of recognition until Sunday afternoon.

At the appointed time Sunday the little room was filled to the doors, and the program of recognition given. In the

absence of the Moderator Dr. Kenngott presided, and offered the invocation. The scripture was read by the scribe. Superintendent Larkin preached the sermon. The charge to the church was given by Dr. Kenngott, and that to the pastor by Rev. John L. Maile of the Olivet church, while the Right Hand of Fellowship was extended by Rev. J. H. Cooper, for years pastor of Park Church, and now resident in the neighborhood. The service closed with the benediction by Rev. Tyler Dennett of Pilgrim Church.

The path by which Providence Church has found its way into our fellowship is interesting. For a number of years the Elysian Heights Church of the Nazarene had done excellent work under its pastor, Rev. A. E. Reinschmidt, prospering and steadily increasing in numbers and resources. But its pastor insisted on reading, and giving some attention to the problems of modern philosophy. At last the charge was made against him that he was not orthodox, and he was ordered to stand trial. He flatly refused, and claimed the right of liberty in the pulpit. At last he and all but three of the members of his church withdrew from the Nazarene denomination, sacrificing a neat church building which they had acquired, and still seeking liberty sought out the leaders of our Congregational work, and asked to be made of our fellowship. They ask nothing, in the way of financial assistance, for they are self-supporting, but they do ask for freedom to worship God in their own way, following where the Spirit of God shall lead them. Starting out with a membership of 83, who seem to be substantial and thoughtful people, and with a well-defined parish containing perhaps 3000 people, with no other church work in it, the new church may be expected to develop into a work which shall add materially to the effectiveness of Congregational Christianity in this city.

H. V. H.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California was held in the Congregational church of Ontario, April 16, 1914, President Mr's. George Robertson of Redlands, presiding, and the program which was presented was full of interest. The treasurer's report showed that the Union had exceeded its aim of \$7000 for the past year.

President Blaisdell presented the claims of Pomona College in his usual forceful way, stating that Pomona College is the only one which shows promise of equalling Oberlin College in producing missionaries. It was shown that 2450 children in Sunday schools hear a missionary story once a month.

The work among the Mexicans in Los Angeles, in Bethlehem Mission, was presented by Mrs. J. D. Eaton, a Missionary of thirty years experience in Old Mexico, and she told us of the 150,000 Mexicans who are in Southern California, 30,000 of whom live in Los Angeles. There is very little being done for them along evangelistic lines. A most interesting address was given by Mrs. Frank Gibson of Los Angeles, the only woman member of the State Immigration Commission appointed by Governor Johnson.

The large number of 103 delegates and 65 guests were hospitably entertained and cared for by Ontario people, besides many more who did not register. We parted reluctantly to meet next year in Riverside.

ALICE M. BRINKERHOFF,
843 Third St., Riverside, Calif.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Van Horn enters on the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Oakland next Sunday.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, will give the baccalaureate sermon this year at the University of California.

There will be no meeting next Monday of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. But on Tuesday the annual basket lunch picnic will be held in Mill Valley. The Ministers' Wives' Club and the Ministers' Monday Club will untie in the picnic this year. Take the 9:45 boat for Sausalito.

Mrs. Ira N. Allen is reading the resurrection scene from Barabbas by Marie Corelli. She read at the Myrtle Street Church, Oakland, and First Church, Alameda. On Monday, May 25th, Mrs. Allen gives the scene before the Ministers' Monday Meeting. Our pastors who have heard her commend the message and messenger.

The Sacramento Valley Association holds its annual meeting in Oroville, May 5-7. Among the addresses will be one by the Rev. A. B. Patten on "Our New Creed"; and one by Dr. Aked on "A Glance Ahead: the Inspiration of a Great Vision." The sermon will be given by the new pastor at Grass Valley, the Rev. J. E. Tedford. Superintendent Rathbone speaks on "The Outlook for the Church"; Rev. John Brereton on "The Pentecostal Church"; Rev. H. G. Miller on "Reverence in the Quest for Truth"; Rev. C. M. Streeter on "Prayer and Evangelism."

MRS. MARY SIMS.

Mrs. Mary Sims, wife of the Rev. Josiah Sims, who was for forty years pastor of the Congregational Church in Nevada City, passed into the other life from the home in Nevada City on the 17th of April. Her death occurred in the house which was built for her and her husband as a parsonage nearly forty years ago and which is now the home of one of her daughters.

During the many years that Dr. Sims was pastor in Nevada City she was a great help to him in all the parish work. For many years she taught the largest class in the Sunday-school, and throughout the state today are many who look back gratefully to her for the religious instruction then received.

Mrs. Sims was a native of England; she was married at the age of 20 and was 78 when she passed into the other life.

Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon, April 19th. The Rev. J. E. Tedford, pastor of the Congregational Church of Grass Valley, paid beautiful tribute to Mrs. Sims as wife and mother and Christian worker. The Rev. T. H. Smith of Grass Valley and the Rev. W. C. Robins of Nevada City participated in the services.

Among the many floral pieces was one in form of an anchor, which bore the words "Little Mother"—an affectionate appellation often used by the husband and the children in speaking of or addressing her now parted from them and entered into the spirit realm.

THE WELCOME LUNCHEON.

This is the last call to an event of great interest. All our women who are engaged in winning the world to Christ, by the paths of Home and Foreign Missions, civic righteousness and all the byways of philanthropic endeavor,

are expected to attend the Welcome Luncheon to Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, Thursday, May 7th, at 1 o'clock. If you have not already done so, procure your tickets immediately from Mrs. Merken, 5432 California St., San Francisco. Let us all be eager to honor Mrs. Montgomery.

MRS. D. U. ROSS,
Chairman Denominational Press Com.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The newly organized association known as Central Association will hold its first annual meeting at Angels Camp May 5-7. All churches are asked to bring reports for the year. Two delegates and pastor to represent each church.

D. GOODSSELL.

Angels Camp, April 21st.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

A powerful appeal was made last Sunday evening in the First Congregational Church of this city by Dan Crawford, a returned missionary from the heart of Africa; sometimes referred to as the successor of David Livingstone. Frequently he was quite caustic in his remarks, particularly when alluding to the meager support given missionary work. He gave numerous instances of the revolting atrocities common among the natives when he first went among them twenty-three years ago, and in contrast alluded to the improved conditions resulting from the missionary work. He said, among other things, that it seemed to be the ambition of citizens of the United States to get "well off" in this world; by so doing, he feared many were getting "badly off" so far as the next world was concerned. He made a profound impression upon the audience, the proof of which was indicated by a collection of \$125.00.

"Go-to-Church Sunday," April 19th, was heartily responded to by the 160 churches in this city, and all reports indicate that there were over fifty thousand persons in attendance.

Mrs. Abbit P. Haskell, the mother of the late Mrs. S. H. Marsh, wife of Rev. S. H. Marsh, D.D., who was the first president of Pacific University, died at Forest Grove on April 22d, at the age of 94 years. She was also the mother of Mrs. William N. Ferrin, whose husband was the former head of that institution, and who is now connected with a large manufacturing establishment near New York City, and Miss A. A. Haskell of Forest Grove.

At the Easter service the First Church received thirty new members.

Portland, April 26, 1914.

THE LICENSED SALOON.

Licensed to make the strong man weak;

Licensed to lay the wise man low;

Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,

And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;

Licensed to kindle hate and strife;

Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;

Licensed to whet the murderers' knife.

—John Pierpont.

There was something done at the cross that was never done anywhere else, and that will never need to be done again.

The Home.

TEAM WORK IN THE FAMILY.

In old times each home was a little independent, self-sufficient community. One thinks with wonder of the amount and variety of productive work then performed in the home but now done entirely in shops and factories. Yarn was spun, dyed, woven into cloth and made up into garments; stockings knit, hats braided, soap and candles regularly made, and usually the meat and vegetables all raised on the home acres. Not only were the material wants of the family provided at home, but also the household furnished the education, amusements and society of its members. Each person, young or old, worked for the interests of all, and the family was a unit, not a gathering of varying, often antagonistic individuals.

We recognize as inevitable the great change in material conditions, and few would care to return to those primitive times. But is it necessary that the home should become, as it is too often now, the mere lodging place of a number of persons bearing the same family name? The members going out daily to different and strangely diverse careers, with but a slight tie of blood to hold them together? The close associations of old days, where is it? Can there no longer be any "altogetherness?" Civilizations change, but how much that is worth while can survive the passing of the family?

That husband and wife have little true union of interests tends directly to promote the great evil of divorce. Outside of the country the lives of a young couple seem naturally to drift into different channels. The husband has his work in shop or office, and the wife the duties of the home. With separate friends, amusements and clubs they soon pass into an atmosphere of modern aloofness unless from the very beginning they recognize the danger and guard against it.

When the home is first established is the crucial time. Then if the husband would regard himself as the outside partner and the wife as the confidential clerk of the real business firm in the management of the income, the savings and investments, the two might work together far more than is usual and in the common interests find a real bond. Household management would prove a profitable and interesting pursuit for the wife instead, as too often now, for the poorer woman, a mere drudgery of housework, and for the wife of a man of means a wild whirl of amusement and fashion.

The keynote of this business partnership must be cordial co-operation. Each member of the firm will supply an element needed for prosperity. The husband will likely have the large grasp; the wife the instinct for detail. In French life the husband and wife do almost invariably thus work together; witness the innumerable shops where the wife waits behind the counter or sits at the cashier's desk. A Frenchman will hardly undertake certain lines of business unless he has a wife to help him. And the French are the most prosperous nation of Europe. None other could have recovered so quickly as they did from the strain of raising the enormous indemnity Germany demanded after the Franco-German war.

Even more important than the financial prosperity, the close union of the two in home management would ensure, is the happiness it would bring to both. Nothing but sor-

row comes of the steady drifting apart of the two who loved each other in the honeymoon days. The team work for a common end brings mutual appreciation and satisfaction. The husband cannot criticise the ignorant extravagance of a spendthrift wife when he sees daily her prudent economy; nor can the wife reproach the stinginess of the husband when she knows as well as he just what they can afford and what they cannot.

When there are children they should, as early as practicable, be admitted to the firm. There are yet a few homes—and they are homes to be remembered—where the growing boys share the father's perplexities, and after school hours earn many a dollar for the common fund, instead of passing their time in an endeavor to extract as much money as possible out of the "old man." O for the days when father and son worked together, whether at papering the back kitchen or building a chicken coop after store hours. When the boys ran errands or clerked for the father in the little store or used his tools under his anxious guidance. And the daughters worked in the kitchen with mother instead of learning cooking and sewing at school. The school course may be more scientific, but the teaching of mother and the hours of work together laid up a store of tender memories and drew the bond of home love closer in a way that more than made up for its lack of exact science.

In an ideal home the young people are assets as well as liabilities. In emergencies their earnings help out and their interest in the finances adds to the saving account instead of depleting it. When at last a home is bought, it is their home in a dearer sense because they have planned and saved for it as well as the older members of the family. More important still, the boys and girls grow up accustomed to economy, with a valuable habit of saving formed, and without having acquired that common idea of youth that the home exists merely to indulge their whims and supply them with luxuries. They become modest and frugal; better adapted to bear the rubs of a rough world, and pleasanter persons to meet than the average conceited, self-indulgent youth of the day.

There is a lamentable lack of unity in other than financial matters. Consider how it is now in educating the children. In the "good old days" they all went to the same school, had the same teachers, played together at recess and ate their lunches in a sociable group. Now, Edith and Tom are at different colleges, perhaps in different states; John is in the Boys' High and Alice in the Girls' High School at the opposite side of town; the younger ones are in the different grammar and primary schools. The six children leave home in the morning and do not meet during the day. Of course they have entirely different sets of playmates, and are scarcely ever together except possibly at meal times. They do not study together at night, but seek each a separate room or nook. Reading aloud in the family is admittedly a lost art. Except that the children generally sleep in the same house, when all are tended by the same mother and their bills for food and clothes paid by the same father, they live distinct lives. Is this what it should mean to have brothers and sisters? What is becoming of the dear, close tie that links together those who spend unitedly the most vivid, most memorable of years, the long, life-determining years from babyhood to twenty?

Is there any remedy for the separation modern education makes in the family? It is, perforce, admitted that

children could not receive as good an education in the old country school as they now do in the specialized institutions. It would not be desirable to go back to the old style if one could. In the country home the children do for their early years attend the same school, it is true, but in the country the family has not so disintegrated as in the city. What can be done to unite brothers and sisters in town life? The employment of tutors to educate the children in the home might avail partly, but that is a remedy very few parents could adopt.

The only practicable plan seems to be to have the parents by their interest in the studies of all the children draw the circle together. In some persons advancing years stiffen the mental muscles so they cannot throw themselves into the modern ideas of education. But a parent certainly needs this flexibility. The older brothers and sisters should be led to aid the younger ones in the studies over which they have recently labored themselves. The more mutual help that can be given and received, the closer will the bonds of sympathy be drawn. If father and mother are too rusty in their studies to solve problems, they should at least be competent from their wider experience of life and books to direct in the reading of the children, and in that potent way affect the education of the boys and girls. Books so great that they interest all the family when read in the family circle draw the younger and older ones closer together in their admiration and sympathy. There is a great lever in the direction of the reading matter of a family, and the parents who are thoughtless about the matter lose a great opportunity.

One of the best bonds of union is a common amusement. Love of music, for instance, make a happy family link. Where the children play and sing together or join in singing while mother plays the tune, one gets a glimpse of a really united family group. But if there is no musical talent among them, some other interest might take its place. Why should not baseball, which, doubtless absorbs a large amount of the thoughts of the boys, be a common amusement of father and sons? If the family care not to attend concerts together, a game of football is not out of the way for a family amusement. If a youngster takes up pigeon-raising, let the family turn fanciers. If it is gardening, let the other members help dig or at least admire the results of the digging and planting. Only do something worth doing and do it together. That word is the beginning and end—together.—Amelia Botsford, in Presbyterian Banner.

For The Children.

POLLY'S BIRTHDAY.

Polly was a dear little girl who lived on a nice large farm with plenty of chickens, cows, and horses; but Polly never thought much about how nice all these were, for her father and mother were always hard at work, and Polly and the rest of the children had to help. Polly's two brothers worked with their father, her sister helped her mother in the house, and Polly washed the dishes, scoured the knives, fed the chickens, and ran errands for the family, and for all the summer boarders besides.

One of the boarders, Miss Cary, was watching Polly shell peas one morning, and thinking that she did a great deal of work for such a little girl. Finally she said,—

"How old are you, Polly?"

"Seven," Polly answered.

"You're almost eight," said her mother.

"When is her birthday?" Miss Cary asked.

"Why, let me see, it's this month some time,—the seventeenth,—yes, the seventeenth of July. I declare I'd have forgotten all about it if you hadn't a-spoke." And Mrs. Jones went on with her work again.

"What's a birthday?" Polly asked shyly.

"Why, Polly," exclaimed Miss Cary, "don't you know? It's the anniversary of the day you were born. Didn't you ever have a birthday present, Polly?"

"No," said Polly, looking puzzled.

"We never have much time for those things," Polly's mother said, "It's 'bout all I can do to remember Christmas."

"Yes, I know," Miss Cary said; but she resolved that Polly should "have a birthday."

When she went down to breakfast the next morning, Miss Cary met Polly in the hall, and, putting a little silk purse into her hand, said kindly, "Here, Polly, is something for you to buy birthday presents with."

Polly opened the little bag, and found in it eight bright silver quarters; and she ran as fast as she could to tell her mother.

"Land sakes, child!" her mother said: "that's too much money for you to spend. Better save it. It will buy you a pair of shoes and a warm hood this winter."

Almost any little girl would have cried at this, and Polly's eyes did fill with tears; but as her mother wanted her to help "put the breakfast on," Polly took the plate of muffins into the dining-room. Miss Cary noticed the wet lashes, and said, "Mrs. Jones, please let Polly go down to the store to-day and spend her birthday money."

Mrs. Jones could not refuse this request. So, after she had put the baby to sleep, Polly was allowed to go to the store, which was a good two miles away; but the happy little girl would have willingly walked five miles to spend her precious two dollars.

It was late in the afternoon when she came back; and the boarders were lounging about, waiting for the supper-bell to ring. They all smiled at the little figure toiling up the road, with her arms full of bundles. Polly smiled radiantly through the dust that covered her round little face as she called to Miss Cary: "Oh! I've got such lots of things. Please come into the kitchen and see."

"No, it's too warm there," Miss Cary said. "Come into the parlor, where it's cool; and we can all see."

So they went into the house, and Polly commenced to unwrap her packages and exhibit her purchases.

"There," she said, as she tore the paper from a queer-shaped bundle, "this is for ma," holding up an egg-beater, "cause it takes so long to beat eggs with a fork."

The boarders looked at each other in surprise, but Polly was too busy to notice. She fairly beamed as she held up a green glass necktie-pin for inspection. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "It's for pa, so he'll wear a collar, like ma wants him to. Of course, he'll want to wear such an elegant pin; and then he'll have to wear a tie, and then he'll have to wear a collar."

"This isn't much," she continued, opening a small bundle, "only a rattle for baby. It only cost five cents."

The boarders looked on in silence as the busy little fingers untied strings. No one knew whether to laugh or feel sorry.

It was wonderful what two dollars would buy, and not strange that the little girl had spent a whole half-day shopping. There was a blue tie for Brother Dan and a pink one for Tim, a yellow hair-ribbon for Sister Linda, some brass hairpins for grandma, a small bottle of cologne for Jake, the "hired man," and then there was but one package left. Polly patted this lovingly before she opened it. "This is the nicest of all, and it's for you," she said, as she handed Miss Cary a box of bright pink writing-paper. "It seemed too bad that you only had plain white paper to write your letters on, when you write so lovely. So I got you this. Ain't it grand?"

"Why, it's beautiful, Polly dear," Miss Cary said; "but what have you bought for your birthday present?"

"Why, these," said Polly,—"these are all my presents. Presents are something we give away, aren't they?" And Polly looked around, wondering why all were so still.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said one of the ladies softly. The gentlemen looked out of the windows, and Miss Cary put her arms around Polly and kissed the hot, dusty little face many times.

"It's been a lovely day," Polly said as she distributed her last gift. "I never had any presents to give away before, and I think birthdays are just lovely."

The next month, after Miss Cary had returned to the city, she had a birthday; and there came to Polly a most wonderful doll, with lots of beautiful clothes, and a card saying, "For Polly, on my birthday, from Lena Cary" which, by the way, immediately became the doll's name.

Miss Cary was not the only one who caught Polly's idea of a birthday, for the rest of the boarders remembered Polly's presents; and through the year, as each one's birthday came, Polly received a gift to delight her generous little heart.

When the 17th of July came around again, though Miss Cary was not at the farm, she sent Polly a little silk bag with nine silver quarters in it, and Polly still thinks "birthdays are lovely."—Mrs. S. J. Maxwell, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

SEEING THE WORLD.

"The world is wet," said the little frog.

"What isn't water is mostly bog."

"Oh, not at all!" said the little fly,

"It's full of spiders, and very dry!"

"The world is dark," said the moth so white,

"With many windows and arcs of light."

"My poor young friend, you have much to learn."

The world is green," said the swaying fern.

"Oh, listen, dears," sang the little lark,

"It's wet and dry, and it's green and dark."

To think that's all would be very wrong;

It's arched with blue, and it's filled with song."

—Jubilee Gems.

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Teacher (drawing two parallel lines on the blackboard)—What relation are these lines to each other?
Head of the Class—Twins.

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